CURRENT NEWS OF ART AND THE EXHIBITIONS

THE "Allied Artists of America" are poor relations of the Academy. Some of them, if not most of them, belong to the old organization, and while they do actually take part in the academical celebrations and feasts, they always sit below the salt, and puddings and sweetmeats are not for them.

For a time they were content to attend the feast on any basis. Then they began to get restless. Human nature is a curious thing and the lower stratum is the most curious part of it. Every little while it gets restless and wants something. It scarcely knows what it wants, but it wants it badly. So it was with the Academy's poor relations.

Suddenly, just because one of those murky, unbearably humid spring days of ours happened along, they all of them went on the rampage. They were tired of being always in the morgue, they said. They had just as much right to be in the Vanderbilt Gallery as anybody else, they said. All the regular habitues of the morgue were emphatic and unanimous upon this point!

Embarrassing for the Academy? Hmm! Not so very. There are always ways to manage, you know. In the merrie England of before the war great houses gave annually a servants' ball and lord and lady danced with lackey and maid and were rewarded with twelve months of loyalty therefore. In this country more strategy is required. A certain great house I know of in the South boasts the most faithful and efficient negro servants that can be imagined. Interrogated the day as to the manner in which they were kept in subjection, the chatelaine of the mansion, laughing, said:

"It's perfectly simple. Every two or three months they get rebellious just like other servants, but at the first sign of mutiny I call them to me and administer medicines to them; darkies love medicines, the more powerful the better. After each one has been dosed they go back to their tasks and peace reigns for another three months."

So, too, the astute Academy (which did not, as the *American Art News* has recently discovered, arrive in town yesterday upon a load of hay) knew just what to do. Instead of saying, "How dare you demand a place upon the line? How dare you speak to us like that?" they said, "Certainly, certainly, what is it you wish? The Vanderbilt Gallery? Take it, it is yours. Why didn't you speak sooner? You can have it during May. That's a good mellow month, when opera singers and war speculators lightly turn to thoughts of buying pictures. We will come in with you. Our Mr. Alexander and our Miss Beaux will exhibit with you just to show what a happy family we are. We'll be Allies. You shall have all the places of honor and you may put Miss Beaux's and Mr. Wiles's canvases in the morgue. Not going to be any morgue! How splendid of you! That's a wonderful idea. Oh, we're sure to get on famously together."

And so they have. For three years. But it's almost time for the Allies to be getting restless again. They got the Vanderbilt Gallery, you see, but just as likely as not they'll now begin to howl for sweetmeats. However, Mr. Weir, if you see the slightest sign of trouble, remember the story of the Southern lady and her good and faithful servants.

Of these "Allies," Oscar Fehrer, who first swam into our ken at one of the MacDowell Club shows, contributes the most vigorous painting, and Miss Helen Turner the most poetic. It is difficult to weigh poetry against vigor, but as poetry Miss Turner's poetry is better than Mr. Fehrer's vigor is as vigor, so upon the whole I am inclined to award her the faint praise of being the best of the "Allies."

Her portrait of Miss B. would be a really charming picture were but the hand enlivened. Her "Stuyvesant Square" is quite serious and successful. The "Gray Day, Norway," by William H. Singer, Jr., is almost as good as Miss Turner's work and vastly more professional. Mr. Singer is perhaps too well trained to be a poet. In the gallery of drawings, those by Leo Mielziner stand out as being clear, capable and direct.

Upon the whole, there is very little in the galleries to discuss. Had these pictures been shown in the recent Academy they would not have raised the standard of that lamentable exhibition. It seems a pity that after the "Allies" had captured the Vanderbilt Gallery even for so late a month as May they should do so little to raise themselves into public notice. The aim of painting is not to repeat over and over again something that somebody else has better said. Painting is as grammar to literature, but a vehicle with which to express ideas.

These are trite observations, of course, but perhaps the trite "Allies" will only understand trite language. Certainly, before another May rolls around, all of these exhibitors should brush up their ideas. One excellent method that perhaps they have not tried is to address themselves mentally to the finest intellects in the world. By endeavoring to speak to the elite they may end by becoming elite themselves. There's nothing lost, at any rate, by trying.

The gallery of the Berlin Photographic Company looks like a memory of the Ballet Russe, with its present exhibition of color prints from wood blocks. Mrs. Florence Wyman Ivins does contribute some clever and spirited impressions of Pavlowa and Nijinsky, but it is not alone these that are reminiscent of the Russian influence; Miss Ada Gilmore, Miss Ethel Mars, Miss Juliette Nichols, Brer Nordfeldt and even Mrs. Hopkins in her flower pieces betray it.

There is something subtle in the modern air that is affecting all of our colorists whether they know it or not. Just as the most bitter opponents of the impressionism of twenty years ago finally succumbed and now paint outdoor shadows in blues and purples, so are all the living people getting accustomed to the intrinsic power that color has, even apart from the modelling of form. Miss Mars and Miss Gilmore would not have colored their prints like that ten years ago. Yet so swiftly does time move that already the public accepts their performances without a qualm. On the contrary, any one with half an eye sees instantly that these compositions are excessively smart.

Rudolph Ruzicka is the most able of these color printers. He has great skill in every department of the craft, and there is an air of great conviction and finality about everything he does. His New York scenes are admirable. The little view of the city from down the bay, with the skyscrapers rising from the water like another Mont St. Michel, is a little gem. But the "Liberty Street," "Coal Barges" and "Pittsburgh" by this artist are also gems. It is easy to foresee that Mr. Ruzicka will speedily become a fashion with our collectors.

Any one of Miss Mary Foote's portraits now to be seen in the Knoedler Galleries is better than the first glance at the entire group would lead one to expect. On entering the room one is confronted with a row of people all sitting in chairs and arranged after the same formula upon the canvases. The artist has not previously thought of a scheme nor pounced forcibly upon some sitter upon whom it can be expounded; nor has the sitter in any case suggested, in the strict painter's sense, a theme or a game to be played out in paint. There is nothing in these portraits but the sitters. Fortunately for Miss Foote they were very good ones.

Sargent has sometimes been accused of planting a sitter before his canvas and just "doing" them, but that was in the portraits that he did against his will. In his better portraits he always played a game. Those ladies in flowing skirts, sitting about upon a circular bench, were accurately enough the Misses Wertheimer to be truly portraits, but before the picture became a portrait it was a game. The Sargent "Duke and Duchess of Marlborough" on the stone palace steps in their court robes was a game. I forget now whether it was a Raeburn game or a Sir Joshua game, but decidedly it was a game.

Miss Foote almost played a game with Mabel Dodge, though. This famous lady sits squarely in the middle of the frame, with hands gripped together and an intensity in her regard that makes the spectator blink. She has somewhat the air of an American as seen by a Pre-Raphaelite. She seems as comme il faut as possible and entirely different from the Mabel Dodge series by Maurice Sterne.

Others of Miss Foote's interesting assembly are Mme. Yorska, Mme. Gabrilowitsch, Mrs. Henry W. Bull, Miss Ruth Draper, John De Koven Alsop, Frederick Macmonnies and Mrs. David Rumsey. For successful portraiture Mrs. Rumsey's will probably be rated best.

Henry Wolf, recently deceased, rose with that brilliant period of achievement in wood engraving which this country beheld in the last quarter of the nineteenth century and remained true to his art at a time when few were left to practise it. A memorial exhibit arranged by the prints division of the New York Public Library in the Stuart Gallery of the library building at Fifth avenue and Forty-second street, while not pretending to completeness, affords a good view of the activity of this discriminating and sensitive interpreter.

Suavity and refinement are dominant in his work. Translating artists of widely varying schools and styles—Hals and Gainsborough, Vermeer and Manet, Stuart and Whistler—he was devoted particularly to the moderns. His task was accomplished with a sensitive adaptativeness, a discriminating understanding and a distinguished command of his medium. Disclosing or recalling the beauties of art of various periods, he reflected also the best spirit of the art of his adopted land in terms of his own and with sympathetic appreciation. Among the American painters whom he thus interpreted are Whistler, Chase, Weir, Sargent, Alexander Harrison, Tarbell and others. In the later years of his life he occasionally, like some others of the old engravers, sought for original expression on the block. Feeling the impulse of original creation, he brought to its service both training and artistic temperament.

Henry Wolf won various medals and other honors, including a gold medal at the Salon of 1905 and silver ones at Paris (1900) and Rouen (1903), but after all his finest reward lay in the general and discriminating appreciation of what he aimed at and accomplished.

The exhibition will be on view indefinitely.

Substitute teachers of drawing are needed in the high schools of the city. The positions offer continuous employment at $4 a day and candidates who can qualify should apply to the board of examiners, 500 Park avenue. A practical examination is required, but this will only be given to graduates of a four year high school course who have had two years satisfactory experience in teaching in high schools or two years professional training in the study of art. Candidates are required to call in person at the office of the Board of Education, Room 411, to fill out the necessary application blank.

On Sunday, April 30, the Brooklyn Museum placed on exhibition a portrait of Prof. Franklin W. Hooper, who was for twenty-five years director of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, and who died on August 1, 1914. The picture has been purchased by the trustees from the artist, Joseph H. Boston. The picture will appeal to Prof. Hooper's friends as a speaking likeness, and it will appeal to appreciative critics of good paintings without reference to this likeness. Since Prof. Hooper's lamented death, it has been a matter of course that his portrait would speedily be added to the museum collections. Mr. Boston's own affection for Prof. Hooper, and intimate acquaintance with him, led him to produce this work and submit it to the trustees, with the result that it met their immediate approbation. Mr. Boston has been for a number of years director of the life classes which are conducted by the Brooklyn Institute in the art association building.

THE SUN published last Monday a group of letters from prominent artists expressing opinions upon the proposal to pass a law granting artists a life interest in their productions. The following by George Grey Barnard was received too late to be included with the others:

"It is hardly necessary to ask an artist for his opinion on a law that would be for such a protection to his own interests or a source of income for the family belonging to him.

An artist at labor the true way, and the only way an artist should labor, cannot think of the financial side; in fact, cannot think of anything outside of the loving fire burning within and searching for expression without. It is only after the true work of love is realized that the question of dollars and cents faces him.

This being the case, would it not be well for the world at large to enact some law that is not born out of the fire of inspiration, but a law born of hard facts to protect in some way, no matter how slight, the family of the artist who so labored, and perhaps the artist himself, when old age and declining years arrive?

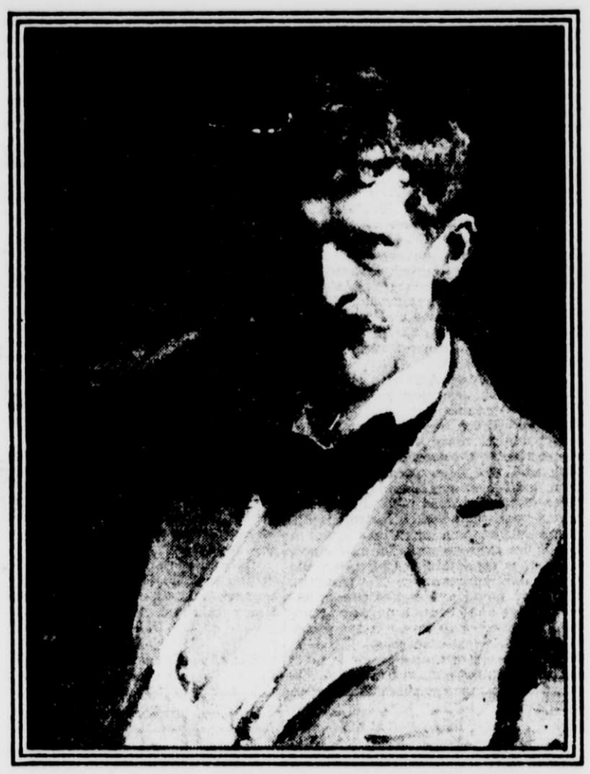
Of course, each and every artist would necessarily be forced to sell his work with this proposition in mind, that in the sale of the work a certain per cent. out of each and every sale of the said work should go to the family of the artist, or in the event of his not having a family to a general fund to aid artists' families who are in need.

Selling works of art in this way would not be detrimental to the first purchaser in any way and would only mean that a small percentage of the vast sums given by dealers would be turned over to the artists' families, artists in need who created these things.

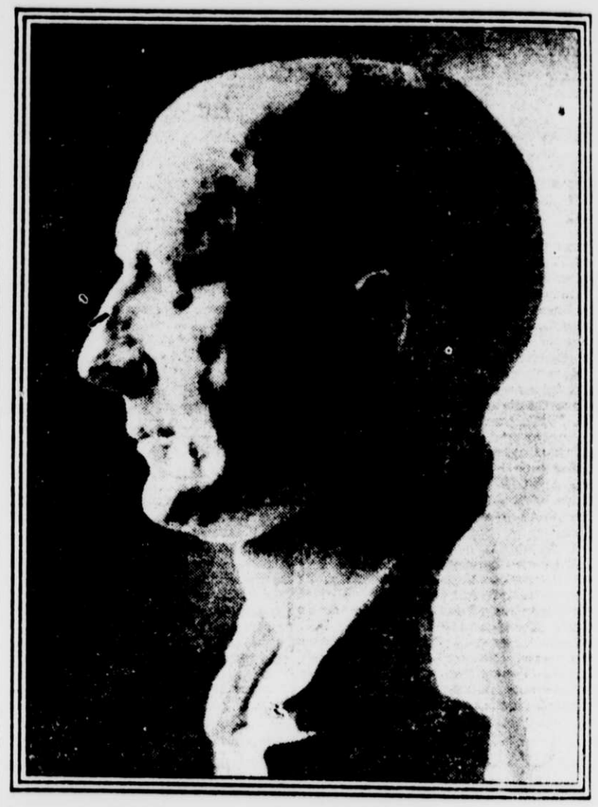
The general public has never given a moment's thought to millions of millions of dollars made by art dealers and collectors in the sale of soul's labor and the soul expression of the artists of the past.

Is it not high time that the public realized this and the dealers themselves and art patrons should be willing to recognize a law which would benefit the artist? Each and every artist would agree to the proposition to sell his work with the understanding that a certain percentage of the purchase price was to be paid to the artist of the work in question. In such a law I can see only good and no harm to any one in any way.

"On the Steps," by Oscar Fehrer. Exhibition Allied Artists of America.



Frederick Macmonnies, by Mary Foote. Exhibition at Knoedler Galleries.



J. Murray Allison, owner of "Land and Water," by Jo Davidson, the American sculptor.

WAR CHANGES SUMMER PLANS OF ARTISTS

PERHAPS no better sign of spring could be announced in the art world than the news that J. Alden Weir, president of the National Academy of Design, has gone away on a fishing trip. This marks the beginning of the annual flitting of the artists from the city.

Whither shall they flit? The question has special difficulties this year. Most of Europe is closed to them. There is of course an embarrassment of riches in this country as an alternative to Europe. The difficulty is to choose. Many of the artists already have their favorite spots for summer work in America. Others will have to make voyages of discovery.

A few of the hard workers stay on in the city until June or even July, but most of them leave town early. Mr. Weir, who, as becomes the president of the academy, has already set an example to his fellow craftsmen, will soon retire to his country place at Windham Centre, Conn., for the summer. This is a spot full of Colonial atmosphere, where he finds ideal conditions for rest, recreation and work.

Emil Carlsen went to Windham Centre for several years and occupied a cottage just across the roadway from Mr. Weir's, but of late years the Danish coast has been the scene of his studies.

Edwin H. Blashfield, the dean of the decorative brotherhood, is going to sea somewhere this summer. Mr. and Mrs. Blashfield usually make the Atlantic voyage every summer, going not further than Paris, but that is out of the question this year of course.

Thomas W. Dewing declares that he is getting to be an old man because he has two grandchildren, the son and daughter of his daughter, the successful novelist, Elizabeth Dewing. His friends of course regard this as a joke. Mr. Dewing will head the household at his daughter's place at Hartsdale, Westchester county, this summer. He has a little shack up there to paint in. The background of his summer studies has been for years the fields and woods of the Dewing summer place down in Maine, but he expects to find just as much inspiration in Westchester county this year.

Elliot Daingerfield has a fine place at Blowing Rock in the mountains of North Carolina. He heralds Blowing Rock as the garden spot of the world. It is twenty-five miles from the nearest railroad, which certainly gives it some advantages. Mr. Daingerfield goes early and stays late. He has built a beautiful home in the Italian style here amid a forest of great rhododendrons and here he pursues his craft all summer through. It is an ideal spot for work, he says.

Edwin H. Potthast, whose range of outdoor subjects runs from a Grand Canyon study to a Coney Island beach scene, is a bird of passage in summer. Sometimes he goes West to the Canadian Rockies or the Canyon, sometimes to Gloucester or Ogunquit on the New England coast. Last year he devoted himself to the beaches of Coney Island, Long Beach and Far Rockaway, and some eloquent studies he made of these familiar spots. Mr. Potthast found beauty in the general sense—even at Coney Island. This summer it will be the New England coast again for him.

The Taos colony, in a far away corner of northwest New Mexico, still untrammelled by the railroad, now includes four or five artists, of whom Irving Couse and E. L. Blumenschein are the leaders. Couse and Blumenschein occupy studios in the Sherwood Building at Fifty-seventh street and Sixth avenue during the winter and get away to Taos as early as possible in the spring, staying late. Both of them take out a trunkful of gaudy and glittering presents for the natives—their friends and the models.

The other members of the Taos colony are Phillips, Sharp and Herbert Dunton.

Charles Dana Gibson long ago gave up Europe as a summer playground and retires regularly to his island on the Maine coast, some forty miles west of Bar Harbor. There are enough islands near by to go around in the Gibson family, and two of them have been bought for his children.

Frederick S. Church, like the Vicar of Wakefield, makes his pilgrimage only from the blue bed to the brown. It is but a few miles from his studio at the top of the Carnegie Building to Far Hills, N. J., and he has not missed a summer there for thirty years. Mr. Church has hit on a division of labor which suits his particular field of craftsmanship exactly. It will be remembered that his canvases display usually beautiful maidens and savage beasts against ideal outdoor backgrounds. These backgrounds he paints out of doors at Far Hills every summer, putting in the lady and the tiger in his winter studio. He declares that nature in these New Jersey hills gives a man all the outdoor inspiration he can possibly ask for.

"There's a bluebird," he said, pointing to one of his canvases. "I spent a whole week with bluebirds last summer up at Shawnee painting in a big cage full of them on the country place of a friend of mine."

He gets his savage beasts up at the Bronx Park zoo of course, and his beautiful maidens—well, they occasionally knock at studio doors, as every one knows.

Irving Wiles, whose health is gradually improving, has a summer home at Peconic, L. I., whither he will retire as usual this year. He goes to the Adirondacks in September.

William M. Chase, kept away from Europe by the war, returns after several shiftings to his first love, the Shinnecock Hills of Long Island, this year.

Childe Hassam when asked where he was going this summer almost shouted: "Somewhere where I can go in swimming. I'm still boy enough for that. For years I used to dive off the rocks into the Atlantic Ocean off the Isles of Shoals, but since the old Appledore burned down year before last I've had to find some place else.

Leo Mielziner has a boys' summer school of drawing and painting at West Point in Casco Bay, Me. Here he instructs lads of from 10 to 16 years in the gentle craft and meantime gives them a real outdoor summer. Ernest Haskell has also been going there for several years.

Harry Watrous, the secretary of the National Academy, goes to his summer home at Hague on Lake George, where he rests chiefly in preparation for his engrossing duties as general manager of things at the academy during the busy season.

William T. Smedley is always busy, can be found at his studio in the Sherwood till well on into July and usually carries away one or two commissions to finish at his summer home at Bear Lake, Pa.

Kenyon Cox goes to his summer place at Cornish, in the New Hampshire hills, this year, after an absence in varied scenes, including a trip to southern Italy, for the past three summers.

William D. Loffwitch Dodge could not be weaned away from Stony Brook, L. I., where he has built a place which has been described as a sort of earthly paradise. It is an Italian villa with sunken gardens, pergolas, &c., that is one of the show places of Long Island. Mr. Dodge does a good deal of hard work here every summer.

Robert Vonnoh wants to go to Paris; indeed, longs to, as only the artist can long for anything; but as it is impossible he says half sadly he is going "somewhere along the Connecticut coast."

Robert Henri, too, is all up in the air on account of the war. He has been going to Europe regularly every summer. "Last year," he says, "I got on a train going down into New England and kept going until I saw a house somewhere on the coast that I liked, and got off and found it was Ogunquit, Me. I'm not going to Ogunquit this year, but somewhere, somewhere."

W. R. Leigh and Albert Groll will haunt the mesas of the far Western country among the Navajos and Hopis of northern Arizona as usual. They will go at least 100 miles from a railroad before they find just what they are looking for.

CHICAGO JUDGE RULES SHAKESPEARE OUT AND BACON IN---BUT THERE'S HOPE---THE DECISION SET ASIDE

Hamlet—It's a wise child that knows its own father.

Half a million New Yorkers prepared to overrule that Chicago Judge's decision.

Buried forever—as he thought. But it seems that it is to begin all over again.

It makes Father Knickerbocker smile as he celebrates.